

Die
Mutter
Gallen

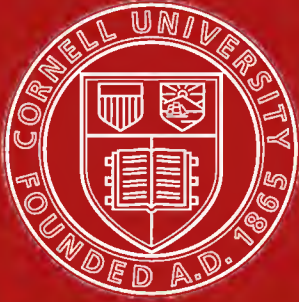


Cornell University Library
PR 5056.A3

The Moore gallery; a series of forty-eight



3 1924 013 527 100 olin, ove1



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013527100>



17 11 1832

Engraved by R. Soper



Jan^y 11 1832 J. L. V. Moore

W. O. O. R. H. S.
Parker's Black,



Cornell
University
Library

THE
M O O R E G A L L E R Y :
A SERIES OF
FORTY-EIGHT HIGHLY FINISHED STEEL ENGRAVINGS
OF
PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, ETC.,
FROM DRAWINGS BY EMINENT MODERN PAINTERS,
ILLUSTRATIVE
OF MANY OF THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES OF HIS POEMS.

With Historical and Critical Notices.

NEW YORK :
MARTIN AND JOHNSON,
91 WALKER STREET



P R E F A C E .

OF all the poets of modern times, Thomas Moore has proved himself the most eminently qualified to illustrate the charms of female grace and beauty: his poems, melodies, and songs, teem with all that is most rare, impassioned, and refined; forming a beau-ideal, wherein, "the angel, yet the woman too," fills up the measure of the soul's content. In presenting, therefore, to the Public, this selection from the poems of Moore, the publisher has acted under the impression that he was not only making an offering worthy of its taste and judgment, but also of its patronage and support: for, as one of the highest aims of Art is to refine and chasten the mind, lifting it above the grosser pleasures of sense, and thereby rendering it susceptible of exquisite gratification from the contemplation of all that is most true and beautiful in Art and Nature, it must follow as a consequence, that the sublime *Source* of all Truth and Beauty, cannot fail to be more forcibly acknowledged, and the mind thus rendered wiser, better, and happier.

It, however, but too often happens, that in the most celebrated productions both of Literature and Art, there are found, as is frequently the case in the most costly blocks of Parian marble, some blemish or vein, which render it as a whole, unfit for the uses of the

Sculptor, though in parts, it furnishes material for his most precious purposes.

In these selections, the latter observation will be fully exemplified, as all those passages which in the works of Moore have been considered flaws or shadows on his original brightness, have been carefully excluded. So that the reader is now presented with a series of intellectual gems, worthy of that genius whose name they bear ; a name consecrated, not only by those qualities which form the poet, but also by those virtues which make the man ! These are finely reflected throughout his works ; where love, friendship, patriotism, and devotion, are portrayed with all the fervor and beauty of which language is capable, but also, with all that force and fire, which, proceeding from true inspiration, must ever command the admiration of mankind, and place the name of Moore amongst the sacred few, whose genius has gained for them the meed of Immortality.

In the illustrative department, the acknowledged merits of the respective Artists will form sufficient security that no expense has been spared to render this work acceptable, not merely to the lovers of Art, as specimens of engraving, but to those who in such embellishments, desire the subject not only illustrated, but brightened and adorned.

In the course of the work it is intended to introduce the music of some of his most select melodies, also some personal reminiscences of Mr. Moore, together with others of a like character, by one of his oldest and most respected friends.



THE GEMS OF MOORE.



YOUNG JESSICA.

To those who love a moral lesson gracefully conveyed, this little poem cannot fail to give delight: it is one of those highly finished gems which leave nothing to be desired. The playful wit and sly humor, which so strongly characterize all the lighter compositions of Moore, are here displayed to the greatest advantage, and we cannot imagine any thing more elegant or appropriate, in the way of light literature, as a contribution to the boudoir of a fashionable belle.

I.

Young Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining;
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once!—now idly shining,
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

II.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays.
And laughing says, "We'll steal it slyly."

The needle, having nought to do,
Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle;
Till closer, closer come the two,
And—off, at length, elopes the needle.

III.

Now, had this needle turned its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

Beautiful Jessica! very little indeed do you appear inclined to follow the advice of the poet. Most happily has the painter, in the dreamy idleness of her aspect, and the luxurious negligence of her position, expressed a nature not only adverse to needles in particular, but to all other implements of useful employment. But should the exercise of industry and self-denial become not only a moral necessity, but an actual one, what will be her fate? the answer is but too easily found in the history of thousands, who, accustomed from infancy to all the elegancies of rank and wealth, have suddenly found themselves deprived of all, and forced to enter the battle of life, without weapons, and without armor. Should these remarks appear too grave, the reader must charitably conclude them to be intentionally so, in order to enhance the gayety of the poem, as a fair jewel shines all the brighter for being darkly set.



Cornell
University
Library

THE SUNFLOWER.

IN all that at once delights the imagination, and affects the heart, Moore shines unparalleled; a striking instance of this is exemplified in the quotation from the melody, which receives additional force when accompanied, as it is, by a representation of youthful beauty, in whose lineaments are so well expressed, that gentle trust and fond fidelity which knows no wavering; and who, in the language of the poet, having once

“truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.”

Here the loveliness depicted by the artist, has made us transpose the object of adoration from the male to the female, but the sentiment remains intact and beautiful as before; and it is impossible, whilst reading the enchanting song from which it is taken, to avoid feeling the best and holiest impulses of our nature, roused to the same degree of tender enthusiasm, which, in the moment of inspiration, must have guided those of the poet. This beautiful melody is, and ever must be, one of those, which, living in the heart for ever, defies all criticism of the head, and reigns supreme. Nevertheless, even in this diamond, an attempt has been made to query, at least, whether there may not be a flaw; but as it merely relates as to whether the sunflower does turn its head to the great luminary or not, and as

much has been said on both sides of the question, we shall only venture to remark, that if it did not so turn *before* the poem was written, it certainly ought to have done so ever after.

I.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THERE are few words that awaken more mingled emotions than these—that make us sigh while we smile—and ponder over the sweet fond follies of our youth, the charm of the song blending with our thoughts and heightening the pleasure or pain of remembrance.

I.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
 As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life,
 As love's young dream.

II.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet,
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
 The one loved name.

III.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

Look at the young girl in the portrait! that "morning's winged dream" may perchance e'er night be one that "ne'er can shine again on Life's dull stream."



HOLY EYES.

LIKE joyful elves bursting from a chain of flowers, and floating off into the sunny heaven, seem the words of this most beautiful song, when combined with music. As they roll, every lip wears a gayer smile, every eye a brighter beam, in sympathy with their gladness. But while thus beguiled by the magic of the poet's mirthful minstrelsy, with a touch of his wand he changes their thoughts from earth to heaven, and presents to the mind's eye the holy appealing look of purity and innocence, in lieu of those more gay and sportive glances which had just been described as brightening this earth of ours.

The artist has illustrated this "look so holy" in a most beautiful manner; nor can we imagine a more complete contrast than it affords to those which precede and follow it, according to the song:—

I.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

II.

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but given, they seem but given,
As shining beacons, solely,
To light to heaven, to light to heaven.
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

III.

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flatt'ring error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fixed his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling—
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!



Corneille
Paris 1789
Lyon 1792



EVELEEN'S BOWER.

I.

OH! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

II.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

III.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

IV.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

This is one of those songs which, separated from its appropriate melody, loses much of its grace and expression, unless we allow ourselves fancifully to suppose the muse had followed with faltering pace in the track of those fatal footsteps. In this little song, so full of sad meaning, a great sorrow and a great wrong are vividly represented and deplored in few and simple words, while the beauty and aptness of the similes cannot fail to strike every reader. Possibly, too, in some bosoms, deeper thoughts may be awakened, since an important truth will sometimes penetrate the heart as effectually when lanced from the light quiver of song, as when conveyed through the more solemn medium of a sermon.



SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

THE young southern girl sleeping in her summer beauty beneath the shadowy boughs, may well awaken the voice of song, even in hearts less attuned to the delights of the tender passion than that of her young and romantic lover; who, for that he is one of that privileged class, must be allowed to rave or reason as he pleases regarding the perfections of his mistress, unchecked by criticism or remonstrance, which in such a case would be nothing short of treason, or at the best, of grave impertinence.

I.

"Slumber, oh slumber; if sleeping thou mak'st
"My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st."
Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

II.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks;
"If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she speaks."
Thus sing I, while, awaking,
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

This pretty trifle, like one of Moore's Cashmerian butterflies, must find its appropriate element amongst fields of flowers and sunshine; or in other words, in lighted halls where youth and beauty meet, and pleasure smiles. In such a scene, where some young rich voice accompanied by the harp swells deliciously on the ear, giving love's own tenderness and grace of expression to the words,—then would the poet, if present, be apt to exclaim: "*That* is the kind of criticism! the only kind, which can do justice to my song!"



Camel
Literature
Library

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

IN comparing the poems of Moore to a chaplet of precious stones, The Fire-worshippers may fairly be considered the great Koh-i-noor Diamond, the real mountain of light. The gorgeous Orientalism of the whole, the inexhaustible treasures of thought and imagination, lavished with such tropical profusion throughout, seem fully to justify the appellation.

Here, the burning thoughts, and fervid aspirations of the poet have found ample scope, and verge enough. Here, that generous scorn against all that is low and base, that noble indignation against oppression and wrong, have found objects vilely great enough whereon to spend their fury; and, on the other hand, characters in whose portraiture the tenderest and noblest qualities are heightened and adorned by all those refinements and graces, in whose delineation Moore has no equal. In order to give an idea of the poem, an outline, or even an extract, is much the same as giving a single rose-leaf as a specimen of the whole flower to one who has never seen it: nevertheless, as it is possible the latter may be the case as regards the poem, a few remarks may not be entirely inapplicable. Hereditary hatred of the most fierce and sanguinary character had long existed between Al Hassan, an Arab chief, and the Persian sect of Ghebers, or Fire-worshippers, whose chief, Hafed, accidentally beholding Hinda, the daughter of Al Hassan, a deep and romantic attachment takes

place between them, heightened on the part of Hinda by the mystery which surrounds her lover; for she knows not, until informed by himself in one of their stolen interviews, that he is chief of the detested sect whom from childhood she has been accustomed to regard with fear and abhorrence. This startling revelation gives rise to the most thrilling incidents, and casts over the enchantments of their passion those lurid lights and dark shadows, which give so deep an interest to this unrivalled poem. The mutual love of Hinda and Hafed is the golden thread, on which, like pearls, the beauties of the poem are strung; and so closely, that it seems impossible to separate a single one without scattering the whole. Take, however, as a first specimen, one of "purest ray,"—the description of Hinda.

And see—where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands;—where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that EMIR'S blooming child,
All truth, and tenderness, and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race;—
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain!

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.

So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,
Like holy myst'ries, lain enshrined.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breathed but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer-eves, through YEMEN's dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In ARABY's gay Haram smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the em'rald's virgin blaze;—
Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this:

A soul, too, more than half divine,
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere.

The description of Hafed forms a strong contrast to this, and, after a recapitulation of the demon powers ascribed to him by his enemies, we are presented with the following masterly picture of the high-souled and fiery-hearted young chief.

Such were the tales, that won belief,
 And such the coloring Fancy gave
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
 One who, no more than mortal brave,
 Fought for the land his soul adored,
 For happy homes and altars free,
 His only talisman, the sword,
 His only spell-word, Liberty!
 One of that ancient hero-line,
 Along whose glorious current shine
 Names, that have sanctified their blood;
 As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood
 Is render'd holy by the ranks
 Of sainted cedars on its banks.
 'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny;
 'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
 In the bright mould of ages past,
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed
 With all the glories of the dead,

Though framed for IRAN's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled
 The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
 Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
And, as a lover hails the dawn
 Of a first smile, so welcomed he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
 For vengeance and for liberty!

Into the character of Hafed, Moore has infused his own patriotic fire; the wrongs of his country, and aspirations for its liberty burst in spontaneous eloquence from his lips, and were the word Ireland substituted for Iran, it would be easy to perceive what a labor of love the delineation of the heroic Hafed had been to Moore. The scene in Hinda's kiosk, or pavilion, to which the plate affords an apt illustration, thus beautifully opens—

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
"To-night upon yon leafy isle!
"Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
"I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
"And we, within its fairy bowers,
 "Were wafted off to seas unknown,
"Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
 "And we might live, love, die alone!

“Far from the cruel and the cold,—
“Where the bright eyes of angels only
“Should come around us, to behold
“A paradise so pure and lonely.
“Would this be world enough for thee?”—
Playful she turn’d, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark’d how mournfully
His eyes met hers—that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
“Yes, yes,” she cried, “my hourly fears,
“My dreams have boded all too right—
“We part—for ever part—to-night!
“I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
“’Twas bright, ’twas heavenly, but ’tis past!
“Oh! ever thus, from childhood’s hour,
“I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay;
“I never loved a tree or flower,
“But ’twas the first to fade away.
“I never nursed a dear gazelle,
“To glad me with its soft black eye,
“But when it came to know me well,
“And love me, it was sure to die!
“Now too—the joy most like divine
“Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
“To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
“Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
“Yet go—on peril’s brink we meet;—
“Those frightful rocks—that treach’rous sea—
“No, never come again—though sweet,
“Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
“Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
“Where’er thou goest, beloved stranger!
“Better to sit and watch that ray,
“And think thee safe, though far away,
“Than have thee near me, and in danger!”

In the conclusion of this scene Hafed declares his name and rank—and in the consequent tumult of feeling rushes hastily from her presence, in which he does not again appear, until amidst a storm at sea, when the bark which is bearing her homeward is attacked by his followers.

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not
The rising storm—the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gath'ring tumult o'er her head—
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky.—
But, hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—
That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
Mid yells and stampings of despair!
Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain-waves—"Forgive me, God!
"Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
Trembling all over—for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor stirr'd—
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riven the laboring planks asunder,
The deck falls in—what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm,—
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on—and some that call
"For GOD and IRAN!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of th' infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death?
She knew not—for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower.
But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her ere her senses fled!
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above—
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands—as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One gen'ral rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heaven or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul,—even then,
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow-men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The Star of EGYPT, whose proud light
Never hath beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put Heaven's cloudier eyes to shame.

But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

The ocean after a tempest, as thus mirrored, will be fully recognized by those who have experienced its sublime vicissitudes.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!—
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a diff'rent perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs:
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;

And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly bless'd,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

The bark is finally moored, a bandage is bound over the eyes of Hinda, and she is borne over steep rocks to a mountain-fortress.

But does she dream? has Fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whisp'ring near—
"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh, sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,
Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!

Here Hafed, unconscious that ere night the treachery of one of **his** band will have betrayed him to Al Hassan, attempts to reassure the mind of Hinda, who then tells him of the intended attack.

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days.



Never, in moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise;—
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In IRAN'S sacred cause is come;
And, though his life hath pass'd away,
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suff'ring brave, shall long look back
With proud regret,—and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes.
This rock, his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wond'ring boys where HAFED fell;
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive
Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on IRAN'S neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

The parting between Hafed and Hinda is one of the most exquisite parts of the poem.

Alas for him, who hears her cries!
Still half-way down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,

That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, loved tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still ling'ring stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

From this mournful reverie, Hafed is aroused by the Moslem signal of assault. Maddened by the sound, the infuriate Ghebers pour like a lava-flood down the ravine, and the sanguinary conflict when at its height, in language so glowing and terrible as almost to make the reader share its horrors, is thus described:—

What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quiv'ring limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
Wretches who wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
"Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—
And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

This extract may suffice to show the spirit and fire which pervade the whole, and to prepare the mind for what follows—victory over the Moslem—the extermination of the Ghebers—and the death of Hafed, whose latest energies are expended in aiding one of his dying



warriors to gain the sacred precincts of their temple on whose altar burns the holy fire.

Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—
When, lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.
“Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
“And must I leave thee with’ring here,
“The sport of every ruffian’s tread,
“The mark for every coward’s spear?
“No, by yon altar’s sacred beams!”
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fall’n Chief, and tow’rds the flame
Bears him along;—with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o’er OMAN’S Sea.—
“Now, Freedom’s God! I come to Thee,”
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm’d one glorious limb, expires!

In the mean time, the situation of Hinda, who within hearing of the strife, and almost a spectatress of its appalling details, is presented to the mind’s eye in a manner rendered, if possible, more vivid by the force of contrast. The calm beauty of the heavens, the star-lit waves on whose gleaming surface her boat seems spell-bound, the mute agony of her own despairing thoughts, and the ill-repressed eagerness of the veterans to whose charge she has been confided, as the fearful truth dawns on them, that whilst thus condemned to inglorious inactivity, their faithful comrades are struggling against fearful odds, within their mountain fastnesses—are all described in

that true manner which makes the heart beat, the cheek burn, and the hand tremble. Then comes the last Act of the Drama—and over scenes so thrilling and so varied the curtain falls.

But see—what moves upon the height?
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine
Fix their last fading life-beams there.
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away, o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent;
While HAFED, like a vision stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrined in its own grand element!
" 'Tis he!"—the shudd'ring maid exclaims,—
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And IRAN'S hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

To Hinda, this brightest creation of the poet's dream, the artist's pencil, and the minstrel's lyre, alike contribute their graceful homage; and few strains leave more lingering sweetness on the memory, than the ocean requiem of the beautiful Peri, as she sings—"Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!"



CHAS. H. COLEMAN
LONDON

CHAS. H. COLEMAN



PARADISE AND THE PERI.

DEEMING it impossible to render full justice to this matchless poem by mere extracts, it is presented to the reader almost entire, accompanied by its appropriate illustrations. Amidst the wealth of Eastern imagery with which it abounds, it is not a little curious to learn from the authority of Moore himself, that to the secluded life he led during the years 1813 and 1816, in a lone cottage among the fields in Derbyshire, that he owed the inspiration of some of the best and most popular portions of *Lalla Rookh*; and that it was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, that he found himself enabled by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!
* * * * *
The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;

And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
 "'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 "The Peri yet may be forgiv'n
 "Who brings to this Eternal gate
 "The Gift that is most dear to Heav'n!"
 "Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 "'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in."

The genius of Moore having thus powerfully awakened our sympathies for the forlorn and beautiful Peri, we gaze on her, as represented by the artist, with that pity akin to love, which the sight of beauty in sorrow, so naturally inspires. In this case, the artist has purified the idea, by giving a child-like grace and bashfulness to the figure: with hair, that o'er her form, and drooping glance, "floats like a stream of gold, and curls in wavy dance." With such a being as this for the heroine of the poem, the object to be attained does not seem so utterly hopeless, and we join in her pilgrimage in search of the redeeming treasure, with all the ardor of a Cumming himself in those delightful expeditions to the resorts where lions "most do congregate."

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,
 Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks, and amber beds;

Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bow'rs of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!

But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bow'rs,
And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from th' innocent flow'rs.
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'Tis he of GAZNA—fierce in wrath

He comes, and INDIA'S diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glitt'ring wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone beside his native river,—

The red blade broken in his hand,

And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqu'ror, "live to share

"The trophies and the crowns I bear!"

Silent that youthful warrior stood—

Silent he pointed to the flood

All crimson with his country's blood,

Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant lived, the Hero fell!—
Yet marked the PERI where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
"Though foul are the drops that oft distil
"On the field of warfare, blood like this,
"For Liberty shed, so holy is,
"It would not stain the purest rill,
"That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
"Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
"A boon, an offering Heav'n holds dear,
"Tis the last libation Liberty draws
"From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is the welcome of our Brave
"Who die thus for their native Land.—
"But see—alas!—the crystal bar
"Of Eden moves not—holier far
"Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Disappointed she turns to earth again, alighting in an orange grove, where dying of the plague lies a beautiful youth, whose only consolation in this fearful moment arises from the thought that his



beloved is safe and far away from dangers so deadly and appalling
Suddenly, she appears.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bow'r to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shudd'ring as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
“Oh! let me only breathe the air,
“The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
“And whether on its wings it bear
“Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
“There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—
“Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
“And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
“To give thy brow one minute's calm.
“Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
“Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—

"The one, the chosen one, whose place
 "In life or death is by thy side?
 "Think'st thou that she, whose only light
 "In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 "Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 "That must be hers when thou art gone?
 "That I can live, and let thee go,
 "Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 "When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 "Out of its heart must perish too!
 "Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 "Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
 "Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 "The last pure life that lingers there!"
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in givin!

* * * * *

But morn is blushing in the sky;
 Again the PERI soars above,
 Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
 Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that off'ring in;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of ALLA swells;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,

Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

Again she is disappointed and resumes her search,—

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls;—
Gay lizards, glitt'ring on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm West,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
 Banqueting through the flow'ry vales;
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the Sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of SOLOMON,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flow'rs singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flow'rs or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who tired with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;



The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burn'd all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to pray'r,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From SYRIA'S thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flow'rs, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

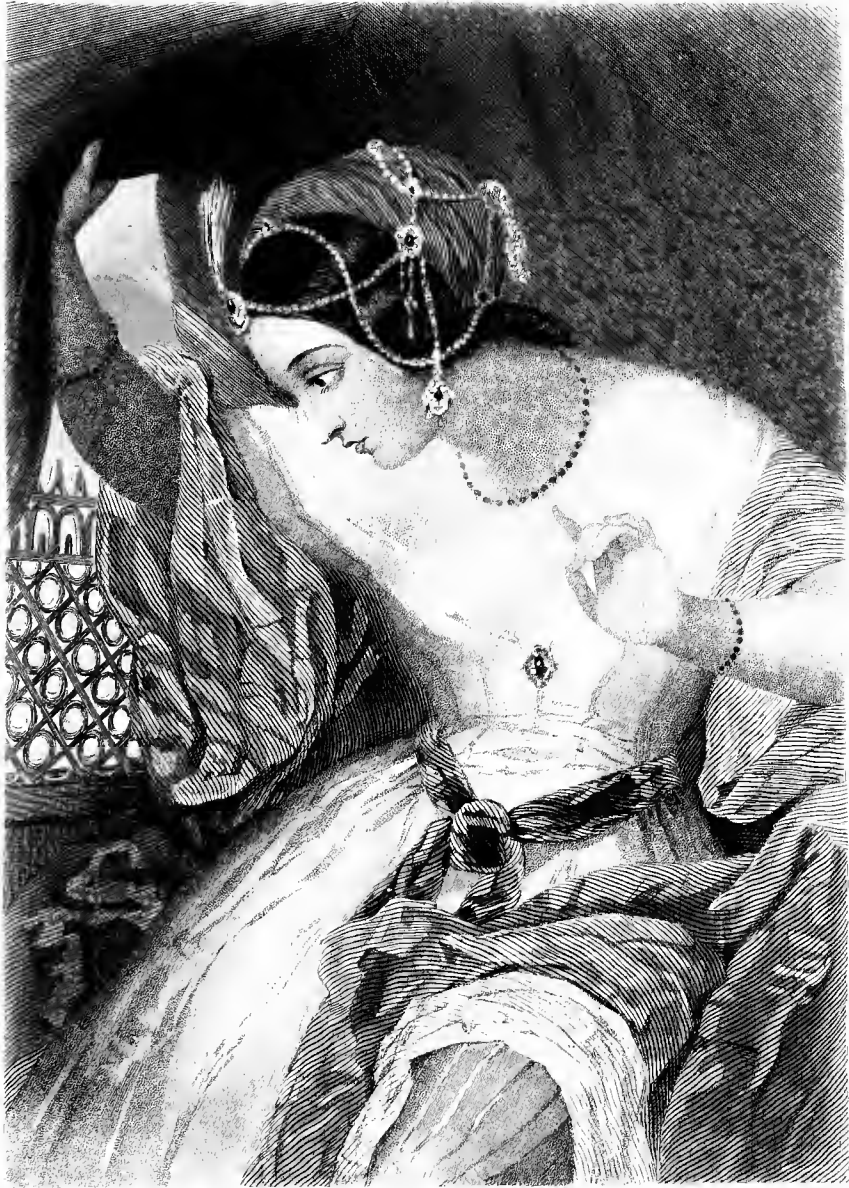
And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
 "When, young and haply pure as thou,
 "I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim,
 And hope, and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

* * * * *

And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble pray'r,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heav'n
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiv'n!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well th' enraptured PERI knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
 "The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"



THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN

UNDER the pretended sanction of a divine mission to free mankind from error, and people paradise with his favorites, Mokanna, an impostor, allures great numbers to his standard: it is during the reception of Azim, a young and noble proselyte, that the most affecting incident of the poem dawns upon us in the person of Zelica, Chief Sultana of the Prophet, and High Priestess of the Faith.

But there was one, among the chosen maids,
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death: you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wond'ring sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah ZELICA! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from ev'ry look of his;

* * * * *

Once happy pair!—In proud BOKHARA's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?

* * * * *

But war disturb'd this vision,—far away
From her fond eyes summon'd to join th' array
Of PERSIA's warriors on the hills of THRACE,

* * * * *

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll.

* * * * * * *

———— at length those sounds of dread
 Fell with'ring on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"

* * * * * * *

Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
 Warm, lively, soft, as in youth's happiest day,
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray.

In this mood, she becomes the victim of the Prophet, bound by a fearful oath never to desert him. Being continually kept in a wild and feverish state, that passes for inspiration, she proves one of his most successful agents in procuring new converts, being installed as the Prophet's chief favorite and Priestess of the Faith. The Haram, whilst in preparation for the reception of Azim, is thus described:—

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
 And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—
 From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
 Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully,
 Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
 O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
 Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
 Like SEBA'S Queen could vanquish with that one:—
 While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,
 So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream:
 And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye,
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
 From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

All is in motion; rings, and plumes, and pearls
Are shining ev'rywhere:—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;—
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of INDIA, bless'd again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,
Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood,
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flow'rs, as by a spell,—
The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
Young AZIM roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,
Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
The bow'rs of TIBET, send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode;—

And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as th' enamell'd cupola, which tow'rs
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flow'rs,
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,
Like the wet, glist'ning shells, of ev'ry dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine!—
While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of COMORIN,
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—
Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood;
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

So on, through scenes past all imagining,
More like the luxuries of that impious King,
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted ev'n in Pleasure's porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—
Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

Here the Odalisques, the sirens of the place, exert their fascinations:—

sparkling through

The gently open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue ev'ning skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there:—
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, 'mid show'rs of jessamine
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring,—lightsome as they
Who live in th' air on odors,—and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit;—
While she who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh,
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danced
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced

More brilliant than the sea-glass glitt'ring o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of EDEN, shake in the eternal breeze,
Rung round their steps, at ev'ry bound more sweet
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet.
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed
Within each other's arms; while soft there breathed
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flow'rs, music that seem'd to rise
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze of chords
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words.

Here the unhappy Zelica sinks fainting at his feet—an explanation afterwards ensues, and Azim thenceforth lives only to avenge her wrongs—urging her to fly with him, she replies—

“With thee! oh bliss!
“’Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
“What! take the lost one with thee?—let her rove
“By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
“When we were both so happy, both so pure—
“Too heav’nly dream! if there’s on earth a cure
“For the sunk heart, ’tis this—day after day
“To be the bless’d companion of thy way;
“To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
“Those virtuous eyes for ever turn’d on me;
“And, in their light rechasten’d silently,
“Like the stain’d web that whitens in the sun,
“Grow pure by being purely shone upon!
“And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
“At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt



Copyright
1854
G. B. Loring

"Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
"Full of sweet tears, unto the dark'ning skies,
"And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare
"To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;
"Till the good angels, when they see me cling
"For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
"Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiv'n,
"And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heav'n!
"Oh yes, I'll fly with thee——"

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
As that of MONKER, waking up the dead
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—
Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"
Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that Maid's look!—
"Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies
And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—
"Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
"Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
"My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,
"True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
"I am MOKANNA's bride—his, AZIM, his—
"The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
"Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
"Their eyes glared on me, while I pledge that bowl,
"Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
"And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night
"What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
"So horrible—oh! never may'st thou see
"What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
"But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
"Nor Heav'n's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
"Hold me not—ha! think'st thou the fiends that sever
"Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!"

The Caliph becoming alarmed at the increasing power of the

Prophet leads an army against him. And after two days' hard fighting is on the point of defeat when Azim appears, and rallying the fugitives turns the tide of battle again in his favor.

But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,
Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
MOKANNA'S soul would have defied them all;
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along:
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
Of flying thousands—he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,
In this forced flight, is—murd'ring as he goes!
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

The power of Mokanna being completely annihilated, he shuts himself up with the residue of his followers in a strong fortress, and amidst the delirious revel of a poisoned banquet, Zelica is summoned to his presence; the artist has chosen to represent her at the moment when, transfixed with horror, she pauses on the threshold.

She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimm'ring light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd
All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?



Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swoll'n heads sunk black'ning on their breasts,
Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!

The monster having filled up the measure of his crimes by self-destruction, Zelica, whom to the last moment he had jealously retained, then uses the stratagem of assuming his silvery veil in order to procure death from the arrows of the besiegers.

"In through the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;
But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile,—
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanced
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
The well-known Silver Veil!—" 'Tis He, 'tis He,
"MOKANNA, and alone!" they shout around;
Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground—
"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
"To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask."
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
And falteringly comes, till they are near;
Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,
And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
Oh!—'tis his ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

LALLA ROOKH.

WHAT can be more delightful than to hear of genius fitly recompensed, the generous unworldly spirit relieved from the galling chain with which in this working-day world it is so almost universally bound? to see the crippled wings expand, and forgetful of past struggles soar aloft rejoicing in the sunny atmosphere of friendship and prosperity! Such were the results to Moore on the advent of Lalla Rookh in 1816. Even the dulness of despotic royalty in the court of Russia received a halo from the poet's genius—persons of the most exalted rank undertaking the personation of its principal characters, that of Lalla Rookh being sustained by no less a personage than the empress herself, who, at the close of the performance, with a sigh with which those who best know how few are the *real* enjoyments of royalty can fully sympathize, exclaimed, "Is it then all over? are we now at the close of what has given us so much pleasure?" On this, out steps the gallant German baron La Motte Fouque, who, in the costume of a Cachemirian knight, vows to present to the world the poem itself, in the measure of the original! We are told the empress smiled! that smile will easily be imagined by the reader.

To beguile the tedium of the Princess Lalla Rookh, during her journey from Delhi to Cashmere, to meet her future husband, a young minstrel, named Feramorz, recites in her presence the various



poems, which, collected together, bear her name. In reciting the loves of others, he so well advances his own, that, at the end of the journey, the princess is only saved from despair by finding in Fera-morz, the young prince, her affianced bridegroom, who, in the disguise of a minstrel, has thus won her affections.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

MOORE, in what may be styled his musical confessions, says, that he always felt in adapting words to an expressive air, that he was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to the souls of others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to his own. Accustomed, too, always to consider the music as a no less essential part than the poetry, he describes himself as being possessed with a strange feeling of uneasiness and regret when beholding his songs divorced from the beautiful airs which had hitherto formed their chief ornament and strength. It is therefore in the sweet union most accordant with the taste of their author that we present some of his most celebrated melodies.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.



Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Since Poetry thus makes Music eloquent, may it not be added, that from their mingled inspiration Painting and Engraving, with their beautiful colors, and magical illusions of light and shadow, weave spells as attractive and often more durable?

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

THE illustration happily presents the youthful and noble heroine of the song pursuing, in rich attire and costly ornament, her pilgrim way o'er moor and mountain, from one end of the Green Isle to the other, without fear of violence or molestation. Hail to the memory of King Brien! in whose glorious days so adventurous a feat could be accomplished! Alas! what a contrast does this shining fable present to the dark tale which would have to be told of a similar experiment repeated in these degenerate days!

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand;

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely through the bleak way?
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
"As not be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
"No son of Erin will offer me harm;—
"For though they love woman and golden store,
"Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.





THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

THOUGH the plain sense of a song may very often be confined to a very small space compared to its beautiful amplifications, yet certain philosophers say that some portion is indispensably necessary to give interest and durability to the whole—to such, as a pleasure and punishment, should be consigned the momentous task of breaking this exquisite butterfly on the wheel of their cruel criticisms. We can well fancy that while so doing, the merry Sprite would sing more merrily than ever his mocking chorus—and fly for support, if needful, to the subject of the Illustration.

Wouldst know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
From king to clown, and of all make sport ;
Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight ?

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept ;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
And he waked to catch—but away I sprang,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour :

"Hist—hist!" quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above,
And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor man!
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

The fairies of the Green Isle, as well as those of Merry England, and Scotland, though fairly driven from some of their choicest haunts, still linger lovingly in many a flowery nook, and ancient neighborhood. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive that in the lands which have produced Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, Moore, and Byron, their race should ever become utterly extinct. Be that as it may, even should they no more "dance lightly on the air, or skim along the ground," their frolic presence will still, as in the instance before us, enliven the poet's page, and be reproduced by the pencil of the painter; at once preserving and suggesting a thousand memories of that olden time, whose traditions are fading so fast away. Oh! that in these wondrous days, when each minute coins a marvel, the existence of a colony of fairies might gain the credence perpetually awarded to fantasies equally wild, and seldom so harmless.



LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.
Oh, if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh, if there be a charm
In love, to banish harm—
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

One of the beautiful Angels, whose heavenly brightness has grown dim beneath the shadow of earthly love, may more readily enter the imagination as giving utterance to these impassioned

words, than any mere mortal habitant of this lower sphere. Long may it be ere such sweet delusive promises find ready entrance into the ears, or belief in the hearts, of its lovely and susceptible Daughters.

Much of the immense popularity of Moore's writings may, doubtless be attributed to the graceful versatility of his genius, and the easy flow of his verse, in whose voluptuous lull love breathes its enchanting sound—to whose lighter, livelier measure the bosom bounds with an impetuosity accordant to the strain—or in whose deeply melancholy effusions the sorrows of the patriot, the lover, and the friend find utterance. The foregoing song, so full of dreamy languor, “replete with love, soft intercourse of hearts, and music of resistless whispered sounds,” is one of which the name alone furnishes both text and comment. A very rose, blown from the brow of Cupid, to sweetest song distilled, for lady's ear. In compositions of this class, Moore is truly inimitable, not a little aided by the native gallantry of a truly Irish heart, seldom wanting in the most noble and generous emotions, however warped, or turned aside by force of circumstance.



THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

LOVE, in all its shadowy variations and rapid transitions, forms the subject of this poem, which overflows with Eastern imagery, and abounds with all that can delight the imagination and touch the heart. Scarcely a line that does not suggest a picture of Oriental loveliness and magnificence, through which the master passion struggles and shines with an intensity and fire, which, peculiar to the Asiatic temperament, finds but few parallels in those of our colder clime. Worthy of such devotion seems the fair young Nourmahal, the bride of the Sultan, whose rich and varied charms seem to render her well worthy her name—the Light of the Haram.

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.
This *was* not the beauty—oh, nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss!
But the loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heaven in his dreams.
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face!

And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
The short, passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring;
Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages,
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her slave.

Yet all these fascinations suffice not to protect the lovely Sultana from the clouds and tempests which all who sail on love's summer sea invariably encounter, and they are described with an eloquence to which the fair maidens and beautiful brides of our own land might give ear, perchance, not without instruction.

Alas!—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesss of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round;—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!

These exquisite beauties of thought and language, prelude the estrangement of the peerless Nourmahal from her royal lover. Oppressed by love and sorrow, each pursues a different mode of relief, the latter, to gather around himself all the delights of luxury; the

former, under the direction of Namouna a famed enchantress, to procure, and combine the requisite flowers wherewith to compose a wreath, which shall confer on its wearer the power of regaining lost affection.

Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew,
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
Anemones and Seas of Gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flow'rets, that unfold
Their buds on CAMADEVA'S quiver;—
The tube-rose, with her silv'ry light,
That in the Gardens of Malay
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away;—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through ZAMARA'S shades;—
And the white moon-flow'r, as it shows,
On SERENDIB'S high crags, to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;
In short, all flow'rets and all plants,
From the divine Amrita tree,
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil tuft, that waves,
Its fragrant blossom over graves,
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead:—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,

Who heaps her baskets with the flow'rs
And leaves, till they can hold no more;
Then to NAMOUNA flies, and show'rs
Upon her lap the shining store.

The mystic wreath being duly woven beneath the incantations of the sorceress, sleep descends upon the eyelids of Nourmahal, and a spirit of music and light makes her whole being vocal with his melodious dream songs. She wakes radiant with happiness, her heart bounding, her eyes sparkling, and in her ear yet thrilling the entrancing sounds, "thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again." We next behold her at a banquet in the royal gardens, disguised as an Arab maid.

Th' Imperial SELIM held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar;—
In whose Saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams;
And all those wand'ring minstrel-maids,
Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the South
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile;—
Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
And from the Garden of the NILE,
Delicate as the roses there;—
Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks;—

Light PERI forms, such as they are
On the gold meads of CANDAHAR;
And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In' their own bright Kathaian bow'rs,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,
 That they might fancy the rich flow'rs,
That round them in the sun lay sighing,
Had been by magic all set flying.

Every thing young, every thing fair
From East and West is blushing there,
Except—except—oh, NOURMAHAL!
Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
The one, whose smile shone out alone,
Amidst a world the only one;
Whose light, among so many lights,
Was like that star on starry nights,
The seaman singles from the sky,
To steer his bark for ever by!
Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,
 And every thing seem'd drear without thee;
But, ah! thou wert, thou wert,—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee;
Mingling unnoticed with a band
Of lutanists from many a land,
And veil'd by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids,—
A mask that leaves but one eye free,
To do its best in witchery,—
She roved, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,
When she might try if still the sound
 Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On CASBIN's hills;—pomegranates full
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears,

And sunniest apples that CAUBUL
In all its thousand gardens bears;—
Plantains, the golden and the green,
MALAYA'S nectar'd mangusteen;
Prunes of BOKHARA, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of SAMARCAND,
And BASRA dates, and apricots,
Seed of the Sun, from IRAN'S land;—
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in ERAC'S rocky dells.
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw;
Amber Rosolli,—the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing;
And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby for which KUBLAI-KHAN
Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing,
Melted within the goblets there!

A Georgian slave now gracefully advances, and, accompanying her voice on an Indian Syrinda, or guitar, sings a wild and voluptuous strain.

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.

And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flow'r of the Amra just oped by a bee;
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
And, bless'd with the odor our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing,
Of ISRAFIL, the Angel, there;—
So pow'rfully on ev'ry soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float

Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together:—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heav'nly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such pow'r
As Music knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
While SELIM, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more:—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flow'ring in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silv'ry-footed antelope
As gracefully and gayly springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break

Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Then trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, ev'n without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into SELIM'S burning heart;
But, breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much!
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
“Oh NOURMAHAL! oh NOURMAHAL!
“Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
“I could forget—forgive thee all,
“And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And SELIM to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Who does not at times cast an ardent, longing glance toward the spirit-land? peopling it with beings who to the attributes of heaven's bright world unite the gentle sympathies and holy charities of this. For the existence of such an order of beings we have the assurance of Holy Writ, the awful glimpses of the death-bed, and the traditions of all mankind, in every age and nation of the world.

Moore informs us that, in choosing the subject of this poetical romance, he was influenced by the desire "to shadow out the fall of the soul from its original purity; the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of perishable pleasures, and the consequent punishment it undergoes both from conscience and Divine justice;" it being his wish to impart to it "a *moral* influence." He then introduces, at the glorious and mournful hour of sunset, a group of fallen angels, who are described seated on the side of a hill.

And, as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Spirits, who once, in brotherhood
Of faith and bliss, near ALLA stood,
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown
The wind that breathes from ALLA's throne.

Inspired by the influences of the hour, each relates the story of his love. Commencing with that of the First Angel, we extract his description of Lea, the beautiful object of his fatal passion, as she first appeared when he beheld her sporting in the fountain.

I saw, from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.
Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She moved in light of her own making.

At length, as from that airy height
I gently lower'd my breathless flight,
The tremble of my wing all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplinking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion, were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

Casting down his eyes in pity to her confusion, she in that moment makes her escape; thenceforth his sole task is to hover around her, and to press his suit with all the ardor of unholy love. Well would it be for the dignity of the sex were all libertine avowals received as that of the angel's to Lea.

Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips th' avowal burst;
Not anger'd—no—the feeling came
From depths beyond mere anger's flame—
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill'd her heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think
That angel natures—that ev'n I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of all that heav'n hath pure and bright!

Bewildered and remorseful, he is on the point of naming the spell-word by which his native skies should again be ascended; but passion breathes on the good resolve; it is consumed in a moment, and he rushes to a banquet

where, full of mirth,
Came—crowding thick as flow'rs that play
In summer winds—the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown—
The first, that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.

My heart was madden'd;—in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
Of desp'rate gayety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness!
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

From the orgies of the revel, with tortured spirit, flushed cheek, and burning brow, the erring angel seeks her pure and vestal presence, of whose love he has hitherto shown himself so unworthy. The deep silence of the shadowy gardens, the white robes of Lea gleaming beneath the dark cypresses, and the various lulling sounds which make night so beautiful, contrast finely with the previous scene.

I sought her in the accustom'd bow'r,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.
Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd
To her loved star, whose lustre burn'd
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though she borrow'd of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which, had my burning brain not been
Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,
As though I trod celestial ground.
Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,

I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And though too well each glance of mine
To the pale, shrinking maiden proved
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I loved,
Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an Angel's awe.

In this scene the moral influence of female charms, more powerfully displayed than in a thousand meretricious blandishments, recalls to the angel his better nature, and he implores but one embrace ere pronouncing the spell that plumes his wing for heaven.

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flow'rs beneath
The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
But when I named—alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
"The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
"And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd—
Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught



The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out
With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapor from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears!
That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw uncloset
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle around ALLA'S Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose,
Above me, in the moonbeam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glist'ning through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant—since the day
When EBLIS, in his downfall, bore
The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!
But did I tamely view her flight?
Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice
The pow'rful words that were, that night,—
Oh, ev'n for heaven too much delight!—
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had pow'r no more.
There seem'd around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavor:
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills the offended God—for ever!

THE SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

IN the opening of this poem, the creation of Eve is so exquisitely delineated, whilst made subservient to the main purpose of the poem, that pity is involuntarily awakened for the recreant angel, who, subdued by wonder and admiration, relinquishes heaven in the presumptuous hope to fathom that purest and holiest of its mysteries, a woman's heart.

You both remember well the day,
When unto Eden's new-made bow'rs,
ALLA convoked the bright array
Of his supreme angelic pow'rs,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heav'n and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went,
Like first light through the firmament!
Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?

Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heav'n's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.
Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She look'd, and saw, the sea—the skies—
And heard the rush of many a wing,
On high behests then vanishing;
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still ling'ring—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?
From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That matchless creature mix'd with all.—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whate'er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All waked my soul's intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
Creation's strangest mystery!

The description of Eve after the fall suggests a picture of tenderness and beauty which has been rarely equalled; and, indeed, in the works of no writer, ancient or modern, is the might and

majesty of female loveliness depicted with such adorable grace as in those of Moore, to whom may be applied the anecdote which he himself introduces of Anacreon, who, being blamed by his friends for making woman his constant theme, while other poets chose goddesses, briefly replied—"Woman is my goddess!"

She, who brought death into the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near!

By a happy thought Moore has transferred to the angel, while yet in a state of innocence, those excursive flights and speculative fancies concerning the wonders of eternity, which doubtless were familiar to his own mind in those days of fervid boyhood, when the youth so well gave promise of the man.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
Of light, for gods to journey by!
They were my heart's first passion—days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
Of misery had I shunn'd below,
Could I have still lived bless'd with such;
Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.

Incited by those two formidable qualities for good or evil—unbounded zeal and insatiate curiosity, the creation of woman has given new impetus to both; and his eager search for some creature lovely as the newly awakened Eve, whose beauty has inspired him with wild idolatry for the sex, is at length crowned with success. The beautiful Lilis, in the blaze of her manifold perfections, is thus exquisitely presented.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along th' unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at ev'ry step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless;
Of playful blushes, that seem'd naught
But luminous escapes of thought;
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
That drop from it in summer's hour;—
'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest women's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare

From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—
But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear
Through her whole frame—the soul, still near,
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon.

'Twas this, all this, in one combined—
Th' unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind,
Taken, in their perfection, warm,
Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,
A bright twin-sister from on high—
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here.

A glance at the mind of this pure maiden, is like gazing amidst
the tranquillity of nature, through the floating lilies of some clear
lake, in whose crystal depths the sky with all its stars is mirrored.

Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—
Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping;
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flowerets sleeping:—
'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright, vague future given;
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art!—
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrined itself in form so fair,
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,
With every fruit of Eden bless'd,
Save one alone—rather than leave
That *one* unreach'd, lost all the rest.

The character of the erring angel, by turns sublime or groveling, as the divine or human propensities prevail, enchains our attention and commands our sympathies less by picturesque effect and startling incident than by the unmasked display of a heart palpitating with emotions, whose counterpart may be found in every human breast, and whose language is common to all mankind; of this the misery and chaos of a soul laboring under remorse is eloquent proof.

Days, months elapsed, and, though what most
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all—
Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,

Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
 What happiness is theirs, who fall!
 'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen
 Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between
 Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
 In agonizing cross-light given
 Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
 In purgatory catch of heaven!

* * * * *

Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
 Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
 Which looks at once before and back,
 Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
 And sees both comfortless, both black—
 Spite of all this, I could have still
 In her delight forgot all ill;
 Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
 At least have borne and murmur'd not.
 When thoughts of an offended heaven,
 Of sinfulness, which I—ev'n I,
 While down its steep most headlong driven—
 Well knew could never be forgiven,
 Came o'er me with an agony
 Beyond all reach of mortal woe—
 A torture kept for those who know,
 Know *every* thing, and—worst of all—
 Know and love Virtue while they fall!

The mournful beauty of the following lines will strike a chord of sorrowful remembrance in those who, oppressed by similar sentiments, have tremblingly watched from day to day the super-human irradiation of countenance, the vivid bloom and transparent delicacy, which, like the rosy and fleeting clouds of sunset, have surrounded the fast-sinking orb of some sweet life whose loss has brought darkness that never grows truly bright again.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
 Which all who love, beneath yon sky,
 Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
 The dreadful thought that it must die!
 That desolating thought, which comes
 Into men's happiest hours and homes;
 Whose melancholy boding flings
 Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
 Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
 The grave beneath young lovers' heads!
 This fear, so sad to all—to me
 Most full of sadness, from the thought
 That I must still live on, when she
 Would, like the snow that on the sea
 Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;
 That heaven to me this final seal
 Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
 And I eternally must feel
 The death-pang, without power to die!

The garden scene breathes the very spirit of melancholy foreboding, and prepares the mind for the tragic sequel, when the young and blooming Lilis proudly aspiring to share the embrace of her lover, arrayed in all his glory as an angel of heaven, with fatal persuasion at last induces him to grant her request.

How could I pause? how ev'n let fall
 A word, a whisper that could stir
 In her proud heart a doubt, that all
 I brought from heaven belong'd to her.
 Slow from her side I rose, while she
 Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,
 But not with fear—all hope, and pride,
 She waited for the awful boon,
 Like priestesses, at eventide,
 Watching the rise of the full moon,

Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,
'Twill madden them to look upon!

Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
Was left behind me, in yon star
That shines from out those clouds afar,—
Where, relic sad, 'tis treasured yet,
The downfallen angel's coronet!—
Of all my glories, this alone

Was wanting:—but th' illumined brow,
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
Had love's spell added to their own,
And pour'd a light till then unknown;—
Th' unfolded wings, that, in their play,
Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne;
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms;
Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,
Her dazzled brow had, instantly,
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!
Great Heaven! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame
When—oh most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;

Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie
 Blackening within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see—
 Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
 Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those clasping arms, within whose round—
My heart's horizon—the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, even in this dread moment, fond
 As when they first were round me cast,
Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
 But, burning, held me to the last!
All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd
As if Love's self there breathed and beam'd,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which the desolation came;—
I, the cursed spirit, whose caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas maddening!—but now hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust—and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear.

Just when her eyes, in fading, took
 Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!
 Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell
Thou mayst to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—

In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss impress'd,
So withering!—I feel it now—
'Twas fire—but fire ev'n more unblest'd
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name
Hell's everlasting element!
Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went;
And here—mark here, the brand, the stain
It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which all the pomp and pride
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

Throughout this little poetic drama, as in that of life, the serpent passions become to their possessors the most torturing avengers; with this moral ever in view, the poet follows its shining thread through the intricate mazes of human thought and human feeling, lighting up in all their bliss and all their agony the death paths of ungovernable pride and unhallowed affection, and proving, moreover, that intellect, when worn ignobly, brings ruin and disgrace even upon an angel.

THE THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

THE first creative thought from which, like a flower of Paradise, this poem hath expanded, is too replete with truth and beauty to be given in other words than those of the author.

Alas, that it should e'er have been
In heav'n as 'tis too often here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and perils near;—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance unto ill;
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, ev'n the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in!

Those beautiful words form a fitting introduction to the presence of Zaraph, an angel whose whole being was love—full, intense, for God and all his works—what wonder, then, that it should be extended to one whose youthful loveliness, first beheld in the act of adoration, seemed scarcely less an emanation of deity than himself!

Tw'as first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he loved steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,

As loth, by even a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—

There, where the rich cascade of day
Had o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium roll'd away!

Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled,
Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracing that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,
Before whose feet th' expiring waves
Flung their last offering with a sigh—

- As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, with her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She raised like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,
But ne'er were raised to it before!

To the Egyptian saying that "Music is the sister of Religion," how many harmonious thoughts will at once bear a glad accord,—its truth alike deeply felt in the humble village church as in the stately temple of Osiris; or in that where many of its traces still linger, and which almost rivals it in grandeur, the church of Rome; amongst whose means for gaining proselytes that of music is one of the most powerful; piercing, and melting to its will, hearts on which arguments, entreaty, or force had been employed in vain. That Moore was of this opinion the succeeding extract will sufficiently attest.

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranced Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,

The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
That moment's witcheries?—one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—
With warmth, that far too dearly cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

A wandering song of the beloved Nama, as borne through the leaves to the ear of her lover, whilst discoursing with the other angels, is one of those felicities for which Moore is so renowned.

Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
My angel-lord, come pray with me;
In vain to-night my lip hath strove
To send one holy prayer above—
The knee may bend, the lip may move,
But pray I cannot, without thee!
I've fed the altar in my bower
With droppings from the incense tree;
I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
But dim it burns the livelong hour,
As if, like me, it had no power
Of life or lustre, without thee!

A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,

A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am, without thee!

Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
In life or death, thyself from me;
But when again, in sunny pride,
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
Oh happier thus than without thee!"

The transgression of Zaraph and Nama is visited by no severer doom than that of holy wedlock, subject to all the human joys and sorrows of that changeful condition; but so exquisitely is their future life shadowed forth, such truth, tenderness, and grace infused into the picture, that they seem but to have gained a heaven below, for the one they have forfeited above. The poem thus beautifully concludes.

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the wayside violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills—

Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above—
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to th' other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see;
And call young lovers round, to view
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
Their pathway towards eternity.



THE GRECIAN MAID.

IN a few glowing words harmoniously strung together, Moore presents us with a beautiful picture of Grecian girls, in all their picturesque attire and wild abandonment of grief, bidding farewell to their lovers, about to embark in the cause of Liberty. We see the graceful forms, the flashing eyes, the long black hair, in all the varied attitude and unstudied expression of such a moment; while one by one the boats leave the shore, watched over the flashing ocean till their white sails are no longer visible. To the excitement and consequent languor of a scene like this succeeds that gay rebound of spirits so striking in the elastic children of the South, bursting from the very shadow of grief into the sunshine of dance and song.

But say—*what* shall the measure be?
“Shall we the old Romaika tread,”
(Some eager ask’d) “as anciently
“’Twas by the maids of Delos led,
“When, slow at first, then circling fast,
“As the gay spirits rose—at last,
“With hand in hand, like links, enlock’d,
“Through the light air they seem’d to flit
“In labyrinthine maze, that mock’d
“The dazzled eye that follow’d it!”
Some call’d aloud “the Fountain Dance!”—
While one young, dark-eyed Amazon,

Whose step was air-like, and whose glance
Flash'd, like a sabre in the sun,
Sportively said, "Shame on these soft
"And languid strains we hear so oft.
"Daughters of Freedom! have not we
"Learn'd from our lovers and our sires
"The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free—
"That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,
"But sword and shield clash on the ear
"A music tyrants quake to hear?
"Heroines of Zea, arm with me,
"And dance the dance of Victory!"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,
Loosed the wide hat, that o'er her face
(From Anatolia came the maid)
Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;
And, with a fair young armorer's aid,
Fixing it on her rounded arm,
A mimic shield with pride display'd;
Then, springing tow'ards a grove that spread
Its canopy of foliage near,
Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,
"To arms, to arms!" while o'er her head
She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all
Obey'd their Chief's heroic call;—
Round the shield-arm of each was tied
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;
The grove, their verdant armory,
Falchion and lance alike supplied;
And as their glossy locks, let free,
Fell down their shoulders carelessly,
You might have dream'd you saw a throng
Of youthful Thyads, by the beam
Of a May moon, bounding along
Peneus' silver-eddied stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread,
Martially, o'er the shining field;
Now, to the mimic combat led,
(A heroine at each squadron's head,)
Struck lance to lance and sword to shield:
While still, through every varying feat,
Their voices, heard in contrast sweet
With some, of deep but soften'd sound,
From lips of aged sires around,
Who smiling watch'd their children's play—
Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay:—

SONG.

“Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
“Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy
Danced in those happy days, when Greece was free;
When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
Thus train'd their steps to war and victory.
“Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
“Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”
Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.
“Grasp the falchion—gird the shield—
“Attack—defend—do all, but yield.”

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,
Dance by the moon like this, till o'er the sea
That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light
They nobly died for thee and liberty!
“Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
“Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”
Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

MOORE says, "I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past





Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "General History of the Fur Trade," prefixed to his Journal.

BATTLE HILL.

IN this smiling scene the battle of Life has usurped that of Death, and the corn rustles greenly round peaceful homesteads, teeming with plenty, where once reigned only desolation and terror. To the American who loves his country, (and who is he who does not?) this spot will ever be holy ground, sacred to those who here fell, on the 26th of August, 1776, fighting in their own harvest fields for the liberty of themselves, their children, and their country. The same fiery breath that animated their patriot bosoms speaks in the following beautiful song:—

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, say, who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat; the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.



The scene from Battle Hill could never be more felicitously rendered than in the succeeding extract from one of Moore's American poems. We have only to suppose the poet seated in the balcony of one of the pretty dwellings on the brow of the hill, and faithfully describing the surrounding landscape in a letter to some distant friend.

Could you but view the scenery fair,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that nature lavish'd there
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep.
The fainting breeze of morning fails;
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
As loose they flap around the mast.
The noontide sun a splendor pours
That lights up all these leafy shores;
While his own heav'n, its clouds and beams,
So pictured in the waters lie,
That each small bark, in passing, seems
To float along a burning sky.

LESBIA.

FULL of archness and gayety, every line of this enchanting song bears an idea and a beauty all its own. The courtly Lesbia and artless Nora flit alternately through the pleased fancy, the peculiar graces of each heightening and contrasting those of her rival: the bashful glances of Nora seem more dear while gazing on the wild coquettish gleam which animates those of Lesbia.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it,



Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina.
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light,
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

THE VESPER HYMN.

ONE of the most impressive and picturesque features of Italian travel is the Vesper Hymn: amidst the pomp and splendor of cathedral worship; in peaceful convent, on silent shore or glimmering ocean—wherever heard, that holy strain exerts a benign and soothing influence. Not only the magnifico in his palace, the mariner in his bark, the bright roses of the world, and the unsunned lilies that bloom for God alone, acknowledge the softening spell of the “Te Lucis Ante,” but even the colder temperaments of a different faith and clime bend the “knee of the heart” before the devotion it inspires.

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.

Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song:
Jubilate, Amen.

Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along:
Jubilate, Amen.



By those who have heard the hymn "O Sanctissima," after sunset, along the shores of Sicily, prolonged by the echoes of that romantic region, its effect will long be remembered. By them, too, will more readily be conceived that bright picture presented by the historian, who tells, in the words of an eye-witness, "How one evening when the ship of Columbus was in full sail and all the men on their knees singing 'Salve Regina.'" To such scenes and hours the Vesper Hymn of Moore peculiarly belongs.

SUSQUEHANNA.

WHILE gazing on this grand and beautiful river, sparkling in the sunlight and reflecting on its surface the blue summits and feathery sweeps of the mountain ridges between which it glides, Fancy peoples its winding shores and deep ravines with the pale and distracted fugitives of Wyoming, sees its broad waters stained with the blood of their defenders, and hears amidst the wail and shriek of outraged women and children the brutal voices of an exulting soldiery and the demoniac yell of the pursuing Indians, all rendered more terrible by the wide-spread conflagration of their burning homesteads.

Fiction—romance—the wildest stretch of imagination—furnishes not the faintest parallel to the unimaginable horrors of that awful night. Reader, if you do not wish to have your heart wrung almost to bursting, your eyes filled with hot tears, your whole frame trembling with indignation and pity; if, in short, you would avoid having the appalling scene presented with all the vivid accuracy of truth as passing before your eyes, do *not* read Lossing's account of it in his "Field Book of the Revolution!"

If in after life any of the guilty actors in that dreadful scene journeyed thitherward, conscience would more than realize the anathema of the poet.

Now the vapor, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,

Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along;—
Christian, 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou darest to roam—
Think, 'twas once the Indian's home!

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman loves to creep,
Torpido, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shudd'ring murderer sits,
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wand'ring Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error,
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug

For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the fiend presiding there!

Then, when night's long labor past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let mosquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!



ST. CLOUD.

To the pleasure-loving inhabitants of Paris, St. Cloud offers one of those delightful places of resort which in the neighborhood of a great city seems to transport the beholder hundreds of miles from the capital, and by rendering cheap and innocent pleasures easy of access, does more to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders than can well be imagined. From the noise and dust of manufactories, from the glare and oppressive atmosphere of the crowded workroom, and also, but too often, from the deficiencies and discomforts of an ill-regulated home—to the toiling artisan and ever-bending seamstress how enchanting the transition to the shades and verdure of St. Cloud; whose beautiful Lanterne, modelled from the tower of Demosthenes at Athens, finely placed on a lofty eminence, commands a noble prospect of the surrounding country; here, seated beneath the magnificent old trees that wave over them with a thousand gentle influences, the smiling landscape at their feet, whose shining river, spanned by its superb bridges, reflects the palaces on its banks, and the gayly-dressed groups whose many-colored garments are seen amongst the groves, the sparkling fountains, and shadowy walks in all directions, life insensibly assumes a more cheering aspect: its pains and penalties are either forgotten or borne more easily; and indulging in the harmless luxury of some of those fantastic beverages for which the French are famous, or gayly tripping on

the greensward to the enlivening sound of some popular air, a sense of pleasure and joy animates the whole being, and, pleasing and pleased, diffuses itself around in all those little graces and amenities which have made French politeness proverbial throughout the world.

Gayly sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh, then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heaven's bright sparklers overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh, then, how sweet to say
Into some loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, too, the farewell kiss—
The words, whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.



MOUNT AUBURN.

IN this sacred home, this city of the Dead, how many spirit-voices appeal to the living! In no place is a lesson so humbling taught to the mighty of the earth as in a great Necropolis—the renowned and the lowly, the innocent and the guilty, alike levelled with the flowers of the field!—the lord of millions and the beggar at his gate, sharers of the same quiet domicile! Vainly does the gilded marble endeavor to keep up the illusions of life; it only rivets attention as the boundary mark of him whose whole estate is now the few feet of ground he occupies. But if the contemplation of such a place as Mount Auburn be humbling to human pride, it is also soothing to its tenderest affections:—a shrine where many of its treasures are garnered in the holy hope of a glorious immortality.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it;
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow.
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd;
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

Moore says the lovely bride alluded to died of fever a few weeks after her marriage, and that during her last delirium she sang several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, particularly "There's nothing bright, but Heaven."

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true, but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright, but Heaven!

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm, but Heaven!

In the beauty and extent of her cemeteries America stands unrivalled, and in this, as in a thousand other things, the old world would do well to take a lesson from the new. For though nothing can be more perfect in their way than some of the village churchyards of England and Scotland; yet the greater depositories of the dead in the very heart, and even in the environs, of their large cities, with one or two exceptions, excite remembrances of the most painful and revolting nature.

THE COMING STEP.

THE coming step! one of life's sweet music notes, listened to, welcomed, and commented on in the little circle made glad by its approach; one of the home-charms especially dear to that golden clasp of many links, the aged and adored mother, in whom unite so many titles and ties of pure and sacred affection. Dear, too, that note of home-returning, to loving wife, fair blushing, bride, or gentle sister, and ah! perhaps more precious than all, to the conscious maiden, listening with fluttering heart and deepening blush, her lover's well-known footstep, which she, though first to hear is last to meet. Music of the heart! how enchantingly is the coming step of the fond father recognized and responded to by the quick delighted cries of childhood, as with pattering feet and joyful clamor they rush to meet him at the threshold, their little plump arms outstretched to receive, to cling around, and grasp him anywhere, everywhere! each little mouth pursed up ready for the *first* kiss, the very first, whose loss has to be compensated to the others by a double share of endearments, while gambolling in the midst, bounding, barking, almost speaking his wild joy, the favorite dog, completely one of themselves, gives vent to the exuberance of his joy in a thousand canine extravagances. Step of the beloved! joy-note of the heart, how many and delightful are thy echoes!



G. Kneller
del.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when ev'ning's star
Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

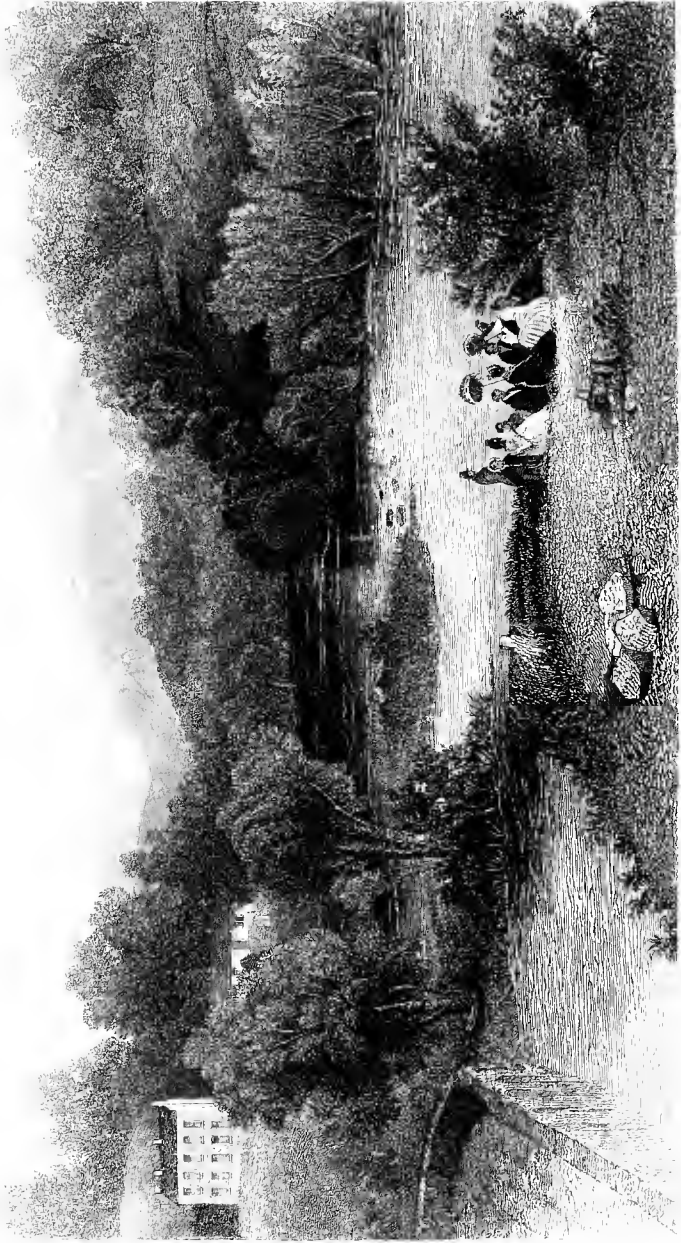
To the inspiration produced by the romantic scenery around the confluence of the rivers Avon and Avoca, between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, the public are indebted for this celebrated song; one of those jewels, which, how long soever worn, can never lose its lustre. The easy flow of the music, tinged like the words with a tender melancholy, makes the heart of the listener an answering harp which vibrates long after the strain itself has ceased. A song like this, is a leaf of the real Delphic laurel.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.



Curry
Printed
London

The applause of the world must be doubly sweet to an author when bestowed on such emanations of his mind as are confirmed by his own character and conduct, when the man does not disgrace the poet—and the reader, after revelling in beautiful descriptions and noble sentiments, lays down the volume with the delightful conviction, that he has been sharing, not only the brilliant genius, but the sincere heart and soul of the author—this integrity of purpose belongs to Moore, it breathes and burns throughout his works, and constitutes their most vital charm.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

THE story of the gallant Earl of Surrey and the fair Geraldine, though often presented in various aspects, has not yet, we think, been accompanied by a moral, that while apparently given in all innocence and simplicity, creates, by its sly humor, that secret intellectual smile which the readers of Washington Irving so often enjoy.

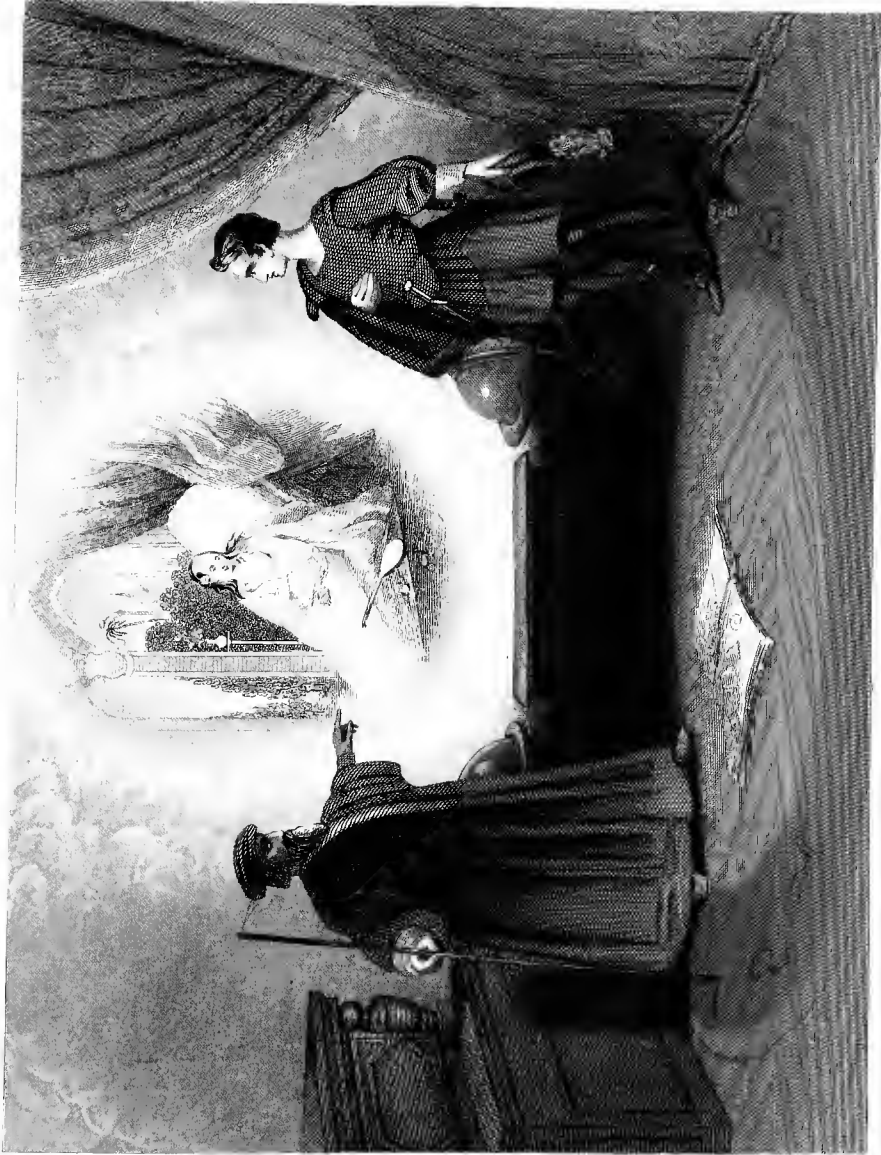
Amidst the superstitions of the East, the belief in magic mirrors still prevails: a most amusing account of them is given by Lane in his "Modern Egyptians."

"Come, if thy magic Glass have power
"To call up forms we sigh to see;
"Show me my love, in that rosy bower,
"Where last she pledged her truth to me."

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bower she lay;
"True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight,
"She's thiinking of one, who is far away."

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
"'Tis," said the Knight, "the same bright boy,
"Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flower;
"Such," he exclaimed, "was the gift that she
"Each morning sent me from that bower!"



Grand
Theatre
of Paris

She gives her page the blooming rose,
With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she soothes her woes,
"By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."

But the page returns, and—oh, what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see!—
Leads to that bower another Knight,
As young and, alas, as loved as he!

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"
Then, darting forth, with furious bound,
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

THE CASKET.

NELL GWYNNE's first peep in the mirror, when newly arrayed in her court finery, would, according to the descriptions given of that artless creature, have produced all the delighted effect visible in the countenance of the portrait, the freaks of fashion only making more odd and piquant her winning and whimsical ways. Pepys would certainly have said: "I did see in a book a limning of Mistress Nelly, mighty pretty, and did make me think of the time she came to my wife and I, in the gallery at Whitehall showing us her jewels, when I did steal a kiss, she laughing like mad, and my wife standing by, in her new satin gown, looking, poor wretch, mighty vexed withal." The poetic effusion may easily pass for that of her royal lover, well deserved by the humble and guileless Nelly, who, amidst the splendor and vice of that most corrupt court, retained the native goodness of heart and simplicity of character, which drew from Charles, on his death-bed, the well-known speech, "Do not let poor Nelly starve."

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.
Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.



Curth
Wm. Henry
Lyon

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but *one* so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
&c. &c. &c.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wond'ring eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way!
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

THE DISMISSAL OF HAGAR.

THOUGH words alone may be inadequate to do justice to the merits of a fine picture, yet, when aided by an engraving in which the principal idea of the painter is faithfully conveyed to the mind, there will be little difficulty in participating largely in the feelings which the original was intended to call forth; this has been verified in Guercino's Agar, in which the main incidents of that touching story are comprehended at a glance.

Guercino's Agar—where the bond-maid hears
From Abram's lips that he and she must part;
And looks at him with eyes all full of tears,
That seem the very last drops from her heart.
Exquisite picture!—let me not be told
Of minor faults, of coloring tame and cold—
If thus to conjure up a face so fair,
So full of sorrow; with the story there
Of all that woman suffers, when the stay
Her trusting heart hath lean'd on falls away—
If thus to touch the bosom's tend'rest spring,
By calling into life such eyes, as bring
Back to our sad remembrance some of those
We've smiled and wept with, in their joys and woes,
Thus filling them with tears, like tears we've known,
Till all the pictured grief becomes our own—
If *this* be deem'd the victory of Art—
If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare
The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart
Before all eyes, be Genius—it is *there*!



This picture, the Agar of Guercino, and the Apostles of Guido, (the two latter of which are now, the chief ornaments of the Brera,) were formerly in the Palazzo Zampieri, at Bologna.

———that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis was gather'd.

It is probable that this fine head is a portrait, as we find it repeated in a picture by Guercino, which is in the possession of Signor Camuccini, the brother of the celebrated painter at Rome.

THE TWO MARYS.

No joyous countenances, beautiful coloring, or angelical airs here represent the Magdalen of Guido, the sinner in the bloom of her sin; but in their stead, a twofold representation of the same character at later periods, when the still small voice and ever-gnawing worm silently, but surely, are fulfilling their relentless mission.

No wonder, MARY, that thy story
Touches all hearts—for there we see
The soul's corruption, and its glory,
Its death and life combined in thee.

From the first moment, when we find
Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires,—like demons shrined
Unholily in that fair form,—
Till when, by touch of Heaven set free,
Thou camest, with those bright locks of gold,
(So oft the gaze of BETHANY,)
And, cov'ring in their precious fold
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years!
Thence on, through all thy course of love
To Him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him,
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this cordial round the brim,
That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by Him to the last:—



Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine!
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone;
That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revelation known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindest record ever given,
Even under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heaven!

No wonder, MARY, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeless—were he not taught to see
All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee!
No wonder that the painter's skill
Should oft have triumph'd in the power
Of keeping thee all lovely still
Even in thy sorrow's bitt'rest hour;
That soft CORREGGIO should diffuse
His melting shadows round thy form;
That GUIDO's pale, unearthly hues
Should, in portraying thee, grow warm;
That all—from the ideal, grand,
Inimitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enamelling touch
Of smooth CARLINO—should delight
In pict'ring her, who "loved so much,"
And was, in spite of sin, so bright!

In the Dresden Gallery, inclosed in a silver frame, ornamented with jewels, is the celebrated Magdalen of Correggio, who, extended

on the ground, folded in her dark blue mantle, reads the Scripture in silence and solitude. Her head supported by her hand, her rounded arm, pearly bosom, and fair falling curls, the only lights visible in the picture, and they, reflected upwards from the sacred volume before her. This fine idea of Correggio is greatly enhanced by the gloom of the landscape, amidst which, with perfect repose of figure and meek tranquillity of countenance, reclines a Magdalen from whom every sensuous spirit has fled, leaving the voluptuous outline filled only with serenity and peace.



Goussier del.

THE EXILE.

THE name of Miss Curran, the betrothed of the younger Emmet, has acquired a celebrity equal to that of the melancholy event in which her lover bore so distinguished a part, and which forms one of the tragic pages of Ireland's gloomy history.

Among those who have perished in vain for that unhappy country, there are none who more irresistibly claim our sympathies, than the unfortunate pair whose memory is preserved from oblivion in the following beautiful song; nor over whose graves the "Implora Pace" might more fitly be inscribed.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

The harp of Ireland is never heard to more advantage than when it thrills to love or sorrow: in this touching strain both are mingled; while distant echoings of sterner words, mental glimpses of scenes replete with strife and agony, fill the mind with images but too well corresponding with that ominous and fatal word, Rebellion.



Comel
Lithography
Lithography

THE WREATH.

THIS juvenile production expresses all the enamored sentiment a school-boy may be supposed to feel for some belle of far maturer years than his own, and whose rejoinder would be in a mood infinitely less serious.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair—but oh, how fair,
If Pity's hand had stolen from Love
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears for me.

As a specimen of Moore's boyish poetry this song cannot fail to be regarded with interest, as evidencing the precocity and fertility of genius which distinguished him from his infancy; his own words being, "So far back in childhood lies the epoch, that I am really unable to say at what age I first began to act, sing, and rhyme."



THE FINE ARTS





ANNA.

To many most excellent persons the very name of "Poetry" suggests something too romantic and refined for this matter-of-fact age and work-a-day world, and who, when told how through the medium of verse the power of genius can lend both grace and dignity to truth, will smile incredulously, and remain skeptical as before; yet, in the following Juvenile Poem of our author, they will see at once how much a simple and pure sentiment gains, if not in value, at least both in force and beauty, from the charm of numbers:—

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee still each day the same;
In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear,
To me still ever kind and dear;—
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chased,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.

Where are the chords she used to touch?
The airs, the songs she loved so much?
Those songs are hush'd, those chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of feeling soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I waked in Anna's breast.
Yet, no—the simple notes I play'd
From memory's tablet soon may fade;

The songs, which Anna loved to hear,
May vanish from her heart and ear;
But friendship's voice shall ever find
An echo in that gentle mind,
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies that tremble there.

To constitute the perfections of such a character as that of the gentle Anna, would require something more than the quintessence of a whole legion of modern heroines. In her, the meek and gentle woman shines forth in all the touching grace and modesty of her sex, presenting to the mind's eye the embodiment of all the sweet influences which soften the asperities of daily life, and cheer and reward amidst its toils. In the season of youth the heart is apt to speak most spontaneously and truly, and if its effusions are less polished and varied than those of a later period, their sincerity may well atone for the more sounding strain.

Associating the "Anna" of the painter's fancy with the theme of the poet's song, it is impossible to avoid remembering the lovely and beloved Miss Linley—afterwards Mrs. Sheridan—immortalized by some of the most celebrated characters of her time, and who is charmingly described in one of Moore's most interesting works.



VENICE.

THOUGH "St. Mark is fallen, and Venice no more!" yet still doth the beautiful Queen of the Adriatic hold empery over the hearts and imaginations of mankind, presenting, even in degradation and decay, images and associations unequalled by those of any other city in the world. Though no more an "envy," yet is she wonderful and "passing strange!" A city of towers, of domes, and monuments, with canals for streets and gondolas for carriages; a fleet of palaces becalmed, amongst which you may glide for a summer's day, and night also, without fancying yourself any where else than in dreamland. How soft the air! how imperceptible the motion of the luxuriously-appointed gondola! What dazzling reflections on the glimmering water from many-tinted awnings and palace architecture! from picturesque groups in busy motion or laziest leisure! Here a fruit-boat, laden to the brim with grapes and peaches, beneath whose white awning a couple of bronzed and ruddy peasant girls send forth their long musical cry, half said, half sung, pleasantly sounding over the waters; their flashing black eyes and rich complexions glowing beneath the scarlet fazzioli or kerchiefs, which, picturesquely fastened to their jetty locks by long silver bodkins, float gaily over the white sleeves and quaintly-laced boddices, that gleam in the bright sunlight like bits of painted glass in some old cathedral window. Here gliding slowly, reclined on her silken cushions, amidst which she is almost invisible, the high-born Dama, quiet and demure, with sober-visaged duenna and all the appurtenances of wealth and

rank. Next comes a band of gay revellers merry fingers strike the guitar, and glad voices mingle in careless minstrelsy. These are succeeded by others, met, and overtaken in ceaseless change, till day turns to night, and St. Mark's Place becomes the vortex whereto all tend; and the fleet of becalmed palaces, churches, bridges, towers, and monuments, shining beneath the solemn moon and mystic star-light in all their unfathomable depth of light and shadow distinctly mirrored in the glassy waters, becomes more and more like a bewildering enchantment; while the spectator feels, by the quickened beating of his heart, that there is but one place in the world which can furnish such a scene, and that is Venice. Over the desolate city Moore pours a truly Cromwellian strain.

Mourn not for VENICE—let her rest
In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
No—let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
But from high daring in the cause
Of human Rights—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for VENICE; though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish ev'ry King and State,
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;
When, with her countless barks, she went
To meet the Orient Empire's might,
And her Giustinianis sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight.

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,
But mourn them not—for vanish'd, too,
(Thanks to that Pow'r, who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood.
Desolate VENICE! when I track
Thy haughty course through cent'ries back;
Thy ruthless pow'r, obey'd but curst—
The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,
Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n hate;—
Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
Thy own unblushing SARPI taught;—
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death;—
Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
Closed against humble Virtue's name,
But open'd wide for slaves who sold
Their native land to thee and shame;—
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
Watching o'er ev'ry glance and breath,
Till men look'd in each others' eyes,
To read their chance of life or death;—
Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
And legalized th' assassin's knife;—
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
And racks, and Leads, that burnt out life;—

When I review all this, and see
The doom that now hath fall'n on thee;
Thy nobles, tow'ring once so proud,
Themselves beneath the yoke now bow'd,—
A yoke, by no one grace redeem'd,
Such as, of old, around thee beam'd,
But mean and base, as e'er yet gall'd,
Earth's tyrants, when, themselves, enthrall'd,—
I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat,
"Thus perish ev'ry King and State,
"That tread the steps which VENICE trod,
"Strong but in ill, and only great,
"By outrage against man and God!"

Whilst admitting the strict justice of all this, yet still the downfall of a republic once so proud and glorious cannot fail to awaken that feeling of sadness and regret which the sight of fallen greatness so naturally inspires, or of arousing that indignation which must ever belong to those miscreant betrayers of their country, who, though boasting themselves Venetians, the descendants of Dandolo and Morosini, were yet base enough to surrender without a struggle the rank, the privileges, the glories, and the independence of a thousand years! standing tamely by while the tri-color floated proudly over the winged Lion in the Place of St. Mark, where a foreign standard had not been seen for fifteen hundred years, and beholding, amidst the execration and contempt of all mankind, the spoliation of their ancient city, and the removal of its most cherished antiquities and costly treasures, by their great but rapacious conqueror.



OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

To what may this most ethereal and fanciful little song be compared? Surely to nothing heavier nor less bright than bubble blown by Peri and floating away amidst sunbeams. Nothing can be more exquisitely playful and beautiful than the last verse. It is in such brilliant fancies, such sparks and freaks of imagination, that Moore has ever been unapproachable. Oh, for the same power of fancy to transfer to the illustration a little of that sylph-like beauty which must have belonged to her of whose shadow the poet speaks.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,

In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:—
Unless they're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath fitted!

Though the poet's plan for remodelling "this earth of ours" might be liable to the grave objection of rendering half our virtues useless, yet where is the philosopher who would not exchange part of his wisdom for the beauty-haunted imagination which enables its possessor, amidst the clouds and storms of life, often whilst suffering beneath its worst and keenest ills, to create new realms, peopled with beings, in depicting whose thoughts and passions, joys and sorrows, Self—that most ignoble cause of disquiet—is for the time merged and forgotten? Such, doubtless, must frequently have been the case with Moore, who, brilliant and talented as he was, oft smarted beneath "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," to whose darkest hour, perchance, this charming song owes its existence, light and lovely as one of the rose-winged nautilii of a summer sea.



G. Scott
1840

THE IRISH GIRL.

To the females of every country has been accorded some crowning excellence peculiar to their nation and themselves; thus, while the proud beauty of Spain charms by her air, the Frenchwoman by her manner, the Italian by her glances, the American by her classic and delicate features, the English and Scottish by that bloom which has made the expression "As fresh as a rose" one of the most common modes of describing them, the fair daughters of Erin have ever been distinguished by an arch simplicity and winning tenderness, which, springing from a noble, constant nature, that knows no wrong and fears none, render the spells of Nora or Kathleen more potent than any Armida ever wove.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call;

But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
1. PORTRAIT OF MOORE, TO FACE VIGNETTE.	1
2. YOUNG JESSICA.....	3
3. SUNFLOWER.....	5
4. LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.....	7
5. HOLY EYES, OR PRAYER.....	9
6. LAUGHING EYES.....	8
7. EVELEEN.....	11
8. SLEEPING BEAUTY.....	13
9. HAFED AND HINDA.....	23
10. DEPARTURE OF HAFED.....	25
11. HINDA.....	26
12. DEATH OF HINDA.....	27
13. PERI.....	30
14. LOVE'S LAST SIGH.....	35
15. THE PENITENT WARRIOR.....	37
16. ZELICA.....	43
17. AZIM AND ZELICA.....	44
18. MOKANNA'S FEAST.....	45
19. LALLA ROOKH.....	48
20. THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.....	50
21. RICH AND RARE.....	51
22. MOUNTAIN SPRITE.....	53
23. LOVE'S SUMMER CLOUD.....	55
24. NOURMAHAL.....	71
25. LEA.....	89
26. GRECIAN MAID.....	92
27. RAPIDS NEAR THE VILLAGE OF LEDA.....	93
28. NIAGARA.....	94
29. VIEW FROM BATTLE HILL.....	96
30. LESBIA.....	98
31. VESPER HYMN.....	100
32. SUSQUEHANNA.....	101
33. PARK OF ST. CLOUD.....	105
34. MOUNT AUBURN.....	108
35. THE COMING STEP.....	110
36. MEETING OF THE WATERS.....	112
37. THE MAGIC MIRROR.....	114
38. THE CASKET.....	116
39. THE DEPARTURE OF HAGAR.....	118
40. THE TWO MARYS.....	121
41. THE EXILE.....	123
42. THE WREATH.....	124
43. SAIL ON, SAIL ON.....	125
44. ANNA.....	127
45. VENICE.....	131
46. THE GARDEN FLOWER.....	133
47. IRISH GIRL.....	

